A LETTER SENT FROM THE Earle of STRAFFORD, to his Lady into *Ireland*, a little before his death.

May the 11th. 1641.

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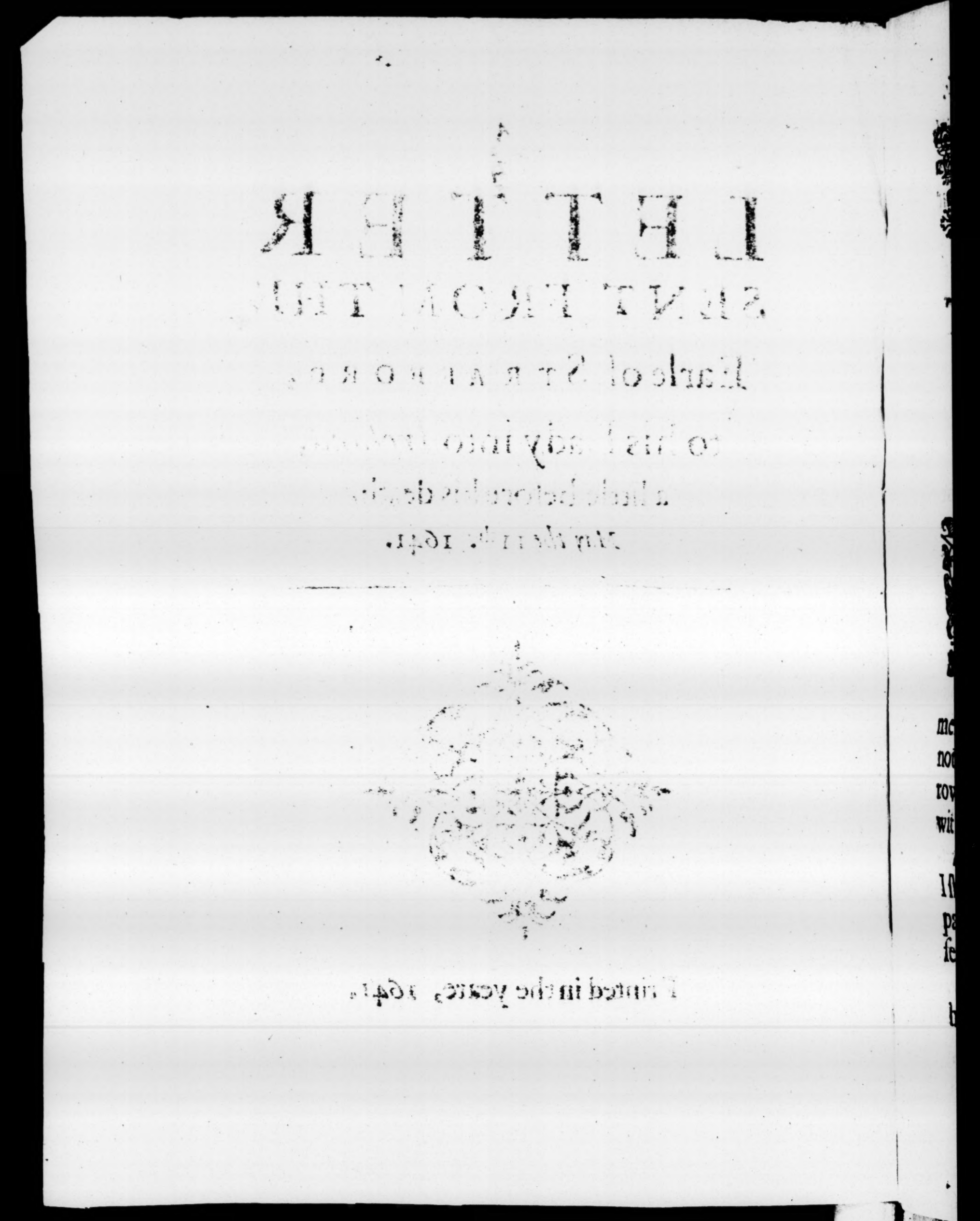

THE EARLE OF STRAFFORDS Letter to his *Lady*.

YOV ſhall receive (my deare Wife) my laſt words in theſe my laſt times. My love I ſend you, that you may keep it when I am dead, and my Counſell, that you may remember it when I am no more. I would not (with my will) preſent you with ſorrowes (deare Beſt) let them go to the grave with mee, and be buried in the duſt.

And ſeeing it is not the will of God that I ſhall ſee you any more, beare my death patiently, and with an heart like your ſelfe.

Firſt I ſend you all the thankes which my heart can conceive, or my words expreſſe,

for your travailes and cares for me; which though they have not taken effect as you wiſhed, yet my debt to you is no leſſe; but pay it I never ſhall in this world.

Secondly I beſeech you, for the love you beare mee living, that you doe not hide your ſelfe many dayes, but by your travailes ſeeke to helpe the miſerable fortune, and the right of your poore Children. Your mourning cannot availe me any thing, that am but duſt.

Thirdly, you ſhall underſtand that my lands were conveyed (*bona fide*) unto my Sonne: The writings were drawen at mid-ſomer was twelve Month, as divers can witneſſe; and I truſt, my bloud will ſatisfie them who deſired my life, and that they will not ſeeke further to puniſh you and yours with extreame poverty. To what friend to direct you, I know not; for all mine have left mee in the true time of triall: moſt ſorie am I, that being thus ſurpriſed by death, I can leave you no better eſtate. God hath prevented all my determinations, that great God, that worketh all in al. And if you can live free from want, care for no more; for the reſt is but vanity. Love God, and begin betimes in him, ſo ſhall you finde true and everlaſting com-

comfort. When you have travailed and wearied your ſelfe with all ſorts of cogitations, you ſhall ſet downe with ſorrow in the end.

Teach your Sonne alſo to feare and ſerve God, whileſt hee is young, that the feare of God may grow up with him; and then will God bee an Husband to you, and a Father to him; yea a Husband and a Father that never can bee taken away from you.

There is much money owing mee in ſeverall hands, which I preſume will bee honeſtly paid you in convenient time; ſufficient to diſcharge my engagements.

Deare Wife, I beſeech you (for my Soules ſake) pay all poore men their dues: When I am dead, no doubt, you ſhall bee much ſought unto, for the World thinks I was very rich; have a jealous care of the faire pretence of men; for no greater miſchiefe can be fall you in this life, then to become a pray unto the World, and after to bee deſpiſed.

I ſpeake, God knowes, not to diſwade you from marrying a gaine, for that will bee the beſt for you, both in reſpect of God and of the World. As for mee, I am no more yours, nor you mine, death hath cut

as a ſunder, and God hath divided mee from the World, and you from mee: Remember my Child, for his Fathers ſake, who loved you in his happieſt eſtate.

I ſued for my life, but God knowes, it was for you and yours that I deſired it; for know it, my deare Wife, your Child is the Son of a true man, who (in his owne reſpect) deſpiſeth death.

I cannot write much, God knowes how hardly I ſteale time, when all are a ſleepe; and it is alſo time to ſeperate my thoughts from the World.

Begge my dead body, which living was denied, and either lay it in *Aleanne*, or *Antley*, by my Father and Mother. I can ſay no more, time and death calles mee away.

The everlaſting God, powerfull, infinite, and inſcrutable, God almighty, who is goodnes it ſelfe, keepe you and yours, and have mercie upon mee, and forgive mee, and my proſecutors and accuſors, and ſend us to meet in his glorious Kingdome, where the truth of all matters will bee cleerely ſeene, to the comfort of the innocent and terrour of all wicked and ungodly men.

My

The Earle of Straffords Letter to his Lady.

My deare Wife farewell. God bleſſe my Boy; pray for mee, and let our bleſſed Saviour embrace you both in his Armes;
Amen, Amen.

FINIS.